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By Hook, or by Crook.

Sung by Mr. Mills, at the Salisbury Theatre.

A Few years ago, in the days of my grannam,
A worthy good woman as ever broke bread,
Such lectures she gave, in the morning began 'em,
Nor ceas'd 'till she laid herself down in her bed;
She never never declin'd what she once undertook,
But twist'd, persisted,
Now flatter'd, now spatter'd,
And always succeeded—by Hook or by Crook.
Says she, child whatever your case is hereafter,
If marr'd, if single, if old, or if young,
In madness, in sadness, in tears, or in laughter,
Pursue but my maxims, you cannot go wrong:
Each passion, each temper I always could brook;
If scolded, I moulded;
If heated, retreated;
And manag'd my matters—by Hook or by Crook.
Ensnar'd by her counsel, I tarr'd no longer,
But fix'd on a damsel both frolic and free;
My passion I told her grew stronger and stronger,
And strait I resolv'd a husband to be;
I offer'd my hand with a languishing look;
She sigh'd, but consented;
I gave it, contented;
And finish'd the courtship—by Hook or by Crook.
By the old woman's counsel I ventur'd to marry
And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmother's rules,
Might be taught, like a spaniel, to fetch and to carry,
But soon I found out that we both had been fools:
In vain I shew'd madam the wonderful book;
I coax'd her, I box'd her;
But truly, un-uly,
Wives cannot be govern'd by Hook or by Crook.

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